Three

A Ménage à trois

BY

LILITH NASSURI

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I remember when he first made me fuck another man. I wasn't expecting it, he never gave me any warning, just dropped it on me out of the blue one day.

"Tia, this is Dave from work," Mike said, as I looked at the handsome faced, blonde haired guy who stood in our front room eyeing me up. He was tall, a little rugged looking, with nice broad shoulders, and a well-muscled chest. That look is always a winner with me; I like a guy who looks like he can handle himself.

"Hi Dave, nice to meet you, it's always good to meet Mike's friends," I said, feeling a little nervous as Dave continued to stare at me.

"Told you she was a looker didn't I eh Dave?" Mike turned to his friend with a grin, as I stood there blushing in front of the both of them.

This was usual behaviour for Mike, he liked to show me off, it made him feel special to display me in front of his mates. What I didn't realise then, was tonight, he had a lot more in mind for me than just showing me off.

Dave grinned, flashing white teeth, he was pretty dam hot, I thought to myself, with those green eyes and that sexy smile, and those yummy pectorals.

"Very nice indeed," he said licking his lips, as I just stood there feeling slightly awkward, not knowing quite what to say or do. I needn't have wondered what to do for long though.

"Why don't you be a good girl and go and change into something sexy for us Tia?" Mike instructed me, smiling.

"Uhhh what would you like me to put on?" I said, looking at him, feeling more than a little shy.

Even though I should have been quite used to Mike's peacocking by then, the way they were both looking at me made me feel a little nervous. Though I have to admit, I've always liked to be told what to do, even if it does sometimes make me feel embarrassed. That's why Mike and I are so perfect for one another; he always knows exactly what I need.

"Put on that sexy black short dress, the low cut strappy one with the sheer side panels love. You always look bloody gorgeous when you wear that," he said. I nodded, turning away from the pair of them to go and fulfil his request.

"Oh and Tia," he said, as I turned back to face him with a quizzical look, "make sure you don't wear any underwear there's a good little slut."

Scarlet cheeked I nodded my acquiescence to him as I scuttled off, I knew better than to question any order Mike gave me. It wasn't that I was frightened of him, far from it, I would trust Mike with my life, but I always hated to disappoint him. I'm a people pleaser, always have been, it's part of the reason why I make such a good submissive, and Mike, especially knows precisely how to induce my need to please to maximum effect.

Pushing open the door to the bedroom, I quickly crossed the room to the mirrored wardrobe doors that concealed my clothes. Sliding them open I looked inside. Spying the dress on the rail, I plucked it out tossing it onto the bed, and hurriedly peeling off the white tank top and cut off denim shorts I wore. Good job I'd gone for my regular bikini wax at the little salon I attended my monthly appointments at if I was going to be wearing *this* dress, especially since Mike had instructed me that I wasn't allowed to wear any underwear.

I pulled the skimpy dress over my naked body, smoothing it down over my curves. I've not got the best figure in the world, my stomach is way too wobbly for my liking and my bum is far too big in my opinion. Mike loves my body though, he says it excites him, and every time he sees me naked I must say I certainly don't doubt that he means what he says. I have to say, since I've been with Mike, I've never felt sexier about myself, he loves the way I look, and some of his enthusiasm has rubbed off on me I suppose.

I made my way over to the mirror, it wouldn't do to keep Mike waiting, especially not when he wanted to show me off to one of his mates. I gave myself a brief, appraising look in the glass to check I was presentable. My long red wavy hair looked a bit unkempt as usual, it always had a tendency to grow in every direction, so I

reached for the hairbrush that I kept on top of my dresser, quickly pulling it through my hair a few times before replacing it.

"Come on Tia," I heard Mike's voice shout out to me from the lounge, "Dave's waiting for you to come out, he's getting all excited," he yelled, and I heard Dave snigger.

Getting all excited about what? What did he mean by that exactly? I was beginning to feel a little uneasy now. Trying to calm my nerves, I crossed the room to the wardrobe again to get my shoes. These would be the perfect finishing touch I thought, bending down to retrieve the high, black, spike heels with the leather ankle straps. Sitting on the edge of the bed, I leant forward to slip them on my feet. Mike loves me in those shoes, and I knew that even though I hadn't had much time to get ready, I wouldn't disappoint if I wore these.

"Tia come on babe," I heard him call out again, as I finished fastening the straps around my ankles.

"Alright, I'm coming," I yelled, standing up and taking a last, brief glance in the mirror before leaving the room.

I have to admit I looked a little tarty with my long, almost waist length red hair, and short black skimpy mini dress that showed off my not unimpressive cleavage. Paired with the stiletto's like that I looked dressed to kill, but even though I wouldn't normally walk around in stuff like this, wearing an outfit so obviously made for sex made me *feel* sexy, somehow. Especially because Mike had ordered me to wear it. Between my legs I felt a little shiver of anticipation at being shown off, displayed as Mike's whore.

Entering the lounge I saw that the pair of them were sitting on the sofa watching a football match on the television. They both looked up as I entered, and Dave let out a long, low whistle as he looked me up and down.

"Oh very sexy Tia," he said, smiling appreciatively at me, and I blushed. His eyes seemed to burn right through my skimpy outfit, the way he looked at me made me feel as if I were standing naked there .

Mike grinned; "Told you she was a good girl," he said all puffed up with pride, as he looked up at me from his position on the sofa.

"Why don't you get us both a drink?" he said to me, and I nodded.

"Sure what do you both want?" I said looking at the pair of them.

"I'll have a Stella from the fridge, Dave what do you want mate, we've got Stella, vodka, brandy or I think we've still got a couple of bottles of pear cider in the fridge?" he said, turning to his friend.

"Stella will be fine mate," Dave replied, turning to me, "thanks Tia," he said. I bobbed my head to acknowledge him, smiling as I turned away to fetch them their drinks. It may sound odd to someone who doesn't get off on being sub, but I loved all this, being told what to do, publicly like that. Mike likes to do this sort of thing a lot and it really builds the tension between us to have him give me orders like this.

I knew Dave must be thinking what a lucky bugger Mike was to be able to order me about like this, just from the way he eyed me, his gaze lingering a little too long on my breasts and the curve of my admittedly rather generous hips. The way he had looked at me made me feel both apprehensive and excited at the same time. I knew I had nothing to fear though, I trusted Mike completely, I may be a submissive, but I'm certainly not a doormat and I would *never* put myself in a situation with someone that I didn't feel had my back.

Mike might enjoy showing me off but I knew he would be able to handle the consequences of whatever happened as a result of that. And if that meant sending Dave home with a bulging erection because of all the teasing Mike had made me do, well then that would just add to the sex Mike and I would inevitably have afterwards.

Smiling to myself at that thought, I opened the fridge in the small kitchen we shared, grabbing two beers, and one of the pear ciders for myself for good measure, and headed back out to the lounge to re-join them.

Dave looked at me as I came through, his eyes following me as I tottered on my heels to stand in front of the both of them as they sat on the sofa.

"Here you are boys," I said, thrusting the cans at them, one in each of my hands, the pear cider tucked under my chin.

"Thanks Tia," Dave said as he took his, "you are a good girl aren't you?" he added smirking.

"She's a very good girl, she always does what she's told don't you Tia?" Mike said, as I just stood there, my cheeks flaming.

"Uhhhh, well, I always try to please," I said, giving a little nervous grin, and they both laughed, as if they were sharing some sort of private joke.

I walked across the room to get the bottle opener for my cider, feeling their eyes burning into my back as I did so. I knew they were both watching my ass wobble as I walked, and the thought excited me. Bending down to open the cupboard where I knew the bottle opener was located, I thrust my ass high in the air, intending to give them a bit of a show. The skimpy dress barely covered my ass as I scrabbled around in the cupboard, and I sensed they were watching me as they seemed to have stopped chatting to each other.

Then I heard Mike's familiar voice.

"Look at the little slut, she wants it Dave, see how she's bending over like that showing off her nice arse and cunt?"

Dave sniggered at that, and I froze, even though I was used to Mike by now, this was a bit much even for him.

"Yeah, I reckon she needs it mate," Dave replied, and I could tell from the tone in his voice that he was aroused. Locating the bottle opener, I retrieved it and began to get to my feet. Mike's voice stopped me in my tracks.

"Stay where you are Tia, there's a good girl, get back down onto your knees." Ever the obedient sub, I did as he asked me, placing my hands on the floor as I waited for him to give me my next instruction, my pussy now slick and damp between my legs. I was feeling very excited now.

I didn't have to wait long at all. "Pull your dress up," Mike ordered me, "show Dave what a nice cunt you've got under that dress, there's a good little slut."

Even though the words were humiliating, my pussy throbbed. It may sound crass but I love to be lusted after so lewdly like that, it

always makes me so wet. It might sound strange to you but I really do enjoy the way Mike likes to parade me in front of his friends, even in front of strangers sometimes.

I'll never forget the time he made me give him a blow job in the park just before closing time. I had no knickers on at his instruction and he knew full well we were being watched by the park keeper who was pretending to trim the grass. I had wanted to come right there on the spot, but he had made me wait for mine, until we were back at home. Then he had instructed me to bend over a table, and tell him just how excited I had been sucking his cock, knowing that the park keeper was hard in his pants for me.

“Tia,” Mike’s voice gently nudged me back to the present. Obeying his instruction to expose myself, I reached around and hitched my skirt up slowly, a cool rush of air hitting my bare, exposed bottom. There was a sharp intake of breath from both of them, I could tell they were both completely turned on, watching me on my knees like this, exposed to them. I began to wonder just how far Mike planned to take this tonight.

"Spread your legs Tia," I heard Mike's voice again, he sounded like he was getting turned on. Parting my thighs, I posed there like that for them, thrusting my bare ass and pussy in the air. I felt slightly ridiculous, but I felt something else too, a hungry animalistic sort of lust that made me feel deliciously naughty.

"What do you think of that nice pink cunt Dave?" he said.

"I think it would look nice with something shoved in it," his mate replied. I gulped, this was getting downright raunchy now, surely Mike would stop it in a minute? We'd fucked in public before certainly, and he loved to get me to tease his mates by having me dress up all sexy and sit on his lap, but I’d not been this exposed in front of any of his friends before, the only times we’d done sexual things in front of other people, they had been strangers and I’d not talked to them. This was the closest, most personal sexual experience we’d ever had with anyone else since we’d been together, and I wasn't sure if I could handle what might happen next.

"Oh Tia can certainly oblige *that* desire," Mike said, "can't you Tia?" Oh god, what did I say to that? What the hell was he trying to

imply?

"Tia?" Mike enquired to me, I wasn't going to get away with this, I had to answer him.

"S..sure, if you want me to," I said, cringing at how stupid I sounded. And just what exactly *was* I agreeing to here?

"Oh we both do," Mike said, walking up and standing behind me.

"Don't we Dave mate?" he said, bending down to me on the floor, his fingertips trailing over my bare bottom. His fingers moved in small circles over my flesh, making me shiver. Patting my bum, he drew his hand back, and I winced, bracing myself. I knew what was going to happen next, he loved to smack my ass and make it all red.

Smack. Sure enough, his palm connected with my naked flesh, making me bit my lip as my tender ass cheeks stung.

"Ooh yeah, give her a nice red bottom mate," I heard Dave say, behind me. I couldn't believe they were talking about me this way, like I was some cheap whore. Worse yet, I couldn't believe how hot it was making me feel. Between my legs my pussy started to drip, the juices pooling in my hot cunt.

Smack. Mike's hand connected again, his fingers landing partly in my cunt this time, causing me to cry out in shock and excitement, as his hand connected with the soft flesh between my legs.

"Look how she likes it when I slap her cunt like that," Mike said excitedly, "look at that she's getting all wet." He pulled my buttocks apart, spreading me open so that Dave could have a good look. My cheeks were burning, I couldn't quite believe it was happening, being so exposed like this in front of a stranger, but it made me feel unbelievably sexy all the same.

"Oh fuck," I heard Dave groan, "What a little whore. I reckon you should treat that wet pussy to something mate, teach her a proper lesson."

Mike slapped me lightly on my ass; "hear that Tia?" he said, "I think Dave wants to see something up your tight, wet pussy. What do you think? Shall I oblige him?"

Now what the hell was I supposed to say to that? If I said yes, which I secretly really wanted to, I would look like a proper slut. But if

I said no, Mike would definitely not be best pleased. And I did want it, god did I, my pussy was aching for something to fill it. Deciding to just go for it, I swallowed any pride I might have had left as I opened my mouth to speak.

"Y..yes I think you'd better, after all he is a guest," I said tentatively. Mike laughed at that.

"Oh very nice touch sweetheart, I really have got you trained well haven't I?" I didn't hesitate this time as I replied to him.

"You always train me well," I said and it was true, I loved being submissive to him. He was so naturally dominant, but he managed to do it without ever coming across as arrogant or creepy, just plain raw ass sexy. It didn't hurt either, that he was 6ft tall, with a cap of dark curls and piercing blue eyes that would crinkle up at the corners whenever he found something amusing. And when he spoke, my god, that voice.

Mike had a trace of the cockney about his accent, after all he'd lived in East London for the first 25 years of his life, before moving to Kent, where we lived now, to work for his brother, who was setting up a plumbing business. His voice was low, masculine, and could have melted the knickers off of the Virgin Mary I swear, and the things he liked to whisper in my ear, well they make me blush just thinking about it.

"What do you think we should use Dave?" Mike quizzed, going along with the show. I shot a sideways glance at him as he crouched next to me, he was fully hard in his pants, I could tell.

"That cider bottle looked pretty good when she had her lips round it earlier, but I wouldn't half mind seeing it somewhere else mate," Dave said frankly.

My jaw hung open, what the fuck? He wanted to see the cider bottle inside me? No, surely this had gone too far, I should say no, put a stop to all this. Mike had had his fun but this, this was going way too far. So why did I feel a hot tingle between my legs at the thought of it? My body was clearly betraying me, and somehow, in that moment, I knew there was no way I was going to be able to stop what was happening. Because *I* wanted it too, I *wanted* it to happen, even more than they both did perhaps.

God how wrong this was, how deliciously, wickedly, wrong and perverted it was. Now I was feeling so aroused that I was almost past the point of shame, as I knelt there, wondering just how far this was going to go.

Mike chuckled.

"Oh you dirty, dirrrty boy Dave, I like it my friend, I like your style," he said, reaching for the half empty bottle of cider that I'd placed on the sideboard. Taking a swig he drained the bottle quickly, slapping me lightly between the legs again. I squirmed in pleasure, was he really going to put the bottle up me?

Apparently he was. Pressing the lip of it against the soft folds of my cunt, he teased me with it, probing my entrance as I bucked and squirmed against the tip.

"Oh fuck she wants it," I heard Dave groan, as Mike pushed the neck halfway into my wet, willing pussy. I was so unbelievably turned on in that moment that I thought I was going to come right there and then.

Even though I knew I was being absolutely shameless, I didn't care, it was just so incredibly hot, knowing that I had both of them so turned on. Arching my back, I pushed back on to the bottle, so as to get more of it inside me. I could hear Mike starting to breathe harder as I rode it. I wanted him to fuck me, I wanted both of them to take advantage of me.

Mike let go of the bottle then, leaving it sticking out of me crudely, just as I was taking it almost all the way down to the base. I heard Dave make a strangled sound and smiled to myself, I was teasing him so badly I knew.

"Oh mate, I think you better treat her to something else," Dave said, "she's begging for it the little slut, look at her she's all wet."

"Tia knows what she's going to get alright," Mike said, and I heard him fumble with his leather belt. I bit my lip, was he really going to fuck me right there and then in front of his friend? Even by our standards that would be the most daring, and possibly the hottest thing we had ever done together, and my body was tense with anticipation at the very thought of it.

Craning my head to the side so I could see what was going on, I saw him unbuckle the belt then unzip his jeans. Prising his cock out of his black Calvin Klein boxers,, he thrust it towards my face.

“Show Dave how much you like to suck my big, fat dick you hungry little whore,” he said to me in that low sexy growl of his, the one that always has me creaming in my panties. Eagerly I lifted my head up to his cock, puckering my lips to kiss the end of it softly before circling the tip of it with my tongue. He groaned as I did that, thrusting his cock forward, and I opened my mouth to accept him.

“Yeah suck it you sexy little slut,” I heard Dave say. It may sound wrong, but nothing got me hotter than being called a slut. I knew Dave must be so hard by now that he probably needed to take his cock out of his pants and start stroking it, and part of me, quite a large part of me in fact, hoped that he did just that.

Mike reached forward to tangle his hands in a fistful of my hair, gently guiding me on to his dick, encouraging me to accept more of his fat, eight inch cock into my mouth. Now Mike has a pretty big dick, and though I certainly can’t deep throat him, usually I manage to get a good three quarters of the way down his shaft when I’m sucking him off. Today I would certainly try my best since I wanted to put on a good show.

Gripping him by the base of his cock, I started to stroke it as I simultaneously sucked him. He threw back his head and groaned.

“There’s a good little girl Tia,” he growled at me, as I pleasured him with my mouth.

I could feel the bottle begin to work its way slowly out of my wet, slippery cunt. I continued to please him with my mouth, running my tongue along the underside of his shaft the way I knew he liked it, while looking up at him from under my long eyelashes. *That* little move never failed to drive him wild and it certainly didn’t fail me then, as he grunted like an animal, and pushed the back of my head into his crotch, forcing me to take more of him into my mouth.

“Fuck it’s fucking coming out of her. I’m gonna have to do something about this mate,” I heard Dave say, and I heard a noise like a fly being unzipped as I kept on sucking Mike off. My whole

body felt aroused, and excited at what might happen next. Was Dave going to start stroking now, while he watched me suck Mike off?

The bottle slid out from between my legs then and fell to the floor, making a heavy thud on the carpet between my legs, and leaving my pussy suddenly exposed and aching to be filled up again. I was so wet and aroused now, that in that moment I felt as if I was all lower half, and what's more I loved the feeling.

"Jesus Christ, that's so fucking hot," I heard Dave say, as I tried look to see what he was doing. Then I felt rough hands on my bare ass cheeks, as his rock hard cock pressed against my wet entrance.

"You want this eh, you little slut?" Dave said in my ear, as he leant over me, his hands now roughly palming my tits. God this was so raw, so wrong, but my goodness I wanted it. Not replying to him, I just gave a little moan instead, thrusting my bare ass back against his erection, still pleasuring Mike with my mouth.

I heard what sounded like the rustle of a condom packet being torn open, and a sudden snap of plastic as the rubber rolled over flesh, and my pussy quivered in excitement. I didn't have long to wait. Dave's hard, thick cock, entered my pussy roughly from behind, as his hands groped my bare ass cheeks.

"Oh yeah, fuck her good mate, you'll enjoy being inside that tight cunt," Mike said, as he continued to thrust into my mouth. They were totally objectifying me, talking about me like I wasn't even there, so why the hell did I find it so exciting?

"Fuck, that feels so good," Dave said, as he began to fuck me, his fat cock felt so nice inside my wet pussy. I didn't know how big he was, but it certainly felt good to have him inside me. Bending over me, I felt his breath, as he whispered in my ear.

"You're one hot, sexy little bitch aren't you Tia?" he murmured to me, pushing the length of his cock all the way into my willing pussy, until I was taking him to the base.

"Mmmphhh," I tried to mumble, as Mike began to fuck my face harder, obviously excited by the sight of his friend taking me from behind. I knew it was a fantasy of Mike's to see me getting fucked like this, we'd often talked about it, but I had never actually thought that we'd end up doing it.

Mike forced me to break off sucking him then, withdrawing his cock from my mouth. I stared up at him biting my swollen lips, still stroking him slowly with my hand, my big tits practically hanging out of my dress.

“Tell Dave how much you like his hard cock up you, and say thank you,” Mike instructed me, as Dave began to ram harder, my tits wobbling with each hard thrust of his hips. I turned my head to look at Dave over my shoulder, he looked so turned on fucking me like that, as he grabbed handfuls of my plump ass cheeks, and the sight of him made me even more excited.

“Th..thank you for sticking your hard cock up me and fucking me,” I moaned to Dave, licking my lips as I looked over my shoulder at him. Dave shuddered in pleasure, puckering his lips together and rewarding me with several hard pumps of his cock as he held me fast by the hips.

“There’s a good girl, now let’s get these big tits out shall we?” Mike said, reaching forward to pull my DD cup tits out of my low cut strappy dress. They fell out rather easily, the skimpy dress had been barely holding them in. Now they were swaying dangerously as Dave thrust into me, and the sight of them seemed to excite Mike further, because he groaned and thrust his cock at me again.

“Oh yeah, suck my nice fat cock like the good little slut you are while you take him up you,” he moaned. His cock had never felt so hard in my mouth; it was practically bursting, the veiny shaft bulging obscenely.

“Fuck, I’m so close,” Dave panted, as he started to drive deeper into me, his heavy balls banging against the tops of my thighs. I could feel his cock swelling up inside me, it wouldn’t be long now before he blew his load I knew, but I didn’t want him to come before I had had a chance to get my pleasure too.

I thrust myself against his hard cock, taking him inside me to the hilt, and squeezing his legs with mine as he groaned. Reaching down between my legs, my fingers began to frantically rub at my clit, as I sucked Mike’s cock and Dave thrust into me from behind. The little fleshy pink nub of my clit was swollen and fully aroused, as my

fingers expertly strummed over it, and I gave a stifled, choked sound in pleasure at how good it felt to touch myself like that.

“Oh yeah, I’m gonna come soon myself if she keeps sucking me like that,” Mike groaned as his balls contracted. I felt the familiar buzz start from between my legs as they both thrust into me. I knew I wasn’t going to be far behind either of them, but I didn’t want them to come before I did.

Pulling off of Mike’s cock I broke, pretending to get some air, as my hand kept stroking him expertly. I knew exactly how to slow him down whenever he would get too close too quick, a handy trick I’d learnt to employ to ensure I *always* got maximum satisfaction.

“Oh you sexy little tease,” he growled at me, reaching for a handful of my big tits, his fingers roughly pinching and twisting my thick, stiff nipples. I love having my tits played with, especially my nipples, and Mike knows exactly how to touch me there to get me going.

Now *I* felt nearly ready to explode as his fingers plucked at my nipples like that, as Dave continued to drive his cock into me. I eyed Mike’s fat, shiny, cock lustily, the bulbous head glistening with my saliva, licking my lips hungrily.

“Suck me Tia,” Mike begged hoarsely, his eyes driven wild with lust for me. He was so close to the edge, but luckily so was I. Obediently, I bent my head to attend to his cock again, as he thrust it eagerly into my mouth. Oh god it felt so good to be filled from both ends again, two cocks frantically thrusting into me, lusting after me. The sensation was enough to drive me over, and all my muscles began to tense as my pussy contracted, squeezing Dave’s cock as it pulsated with orgasm.

“Mmmphhh!” I moaned onto Mike’s fat dick as I heard Dave cry out.

“Fuck, fuck I’m gonna come in her,” he moaned, “fuck,” he groaned, his legs trembling against mine, as his orgasm came hard.

Still riding the waves of my own pleasure, I rode his pulsating cock as Mike fucked my mouth. Greedily I swallowed as much of him as I could, the fingers of my right hand squeezing him expertly, as I guided his cock into my mouth.

“Christ Tia,” he groaned, throwing his head back as he neared his own peak, “take me, take it in your mouth, swallow it all.” He grunted as he came, his unsheathed cock exploding a stream of hot, salty come in my throat.

Like the good little submissive I am I swallowed him eagerly, the taste of him making me feel even hornier, as I knelt there on all fours, Dave’s now softening cock still inside me. Grinning I looked up at Mike, opening my mouth slightly to show the white come that still coated my tongue, causing him to give a little involuntary shudder of pleasure as he looked at me. Smiling I licked my lips, swallowing the last of it. Despite being on my knees like that, I felt so horny, so in control, I knew I had the both of them wrapped around my little finger.

“God that was fucking sexy mate,” Dave said, panting, as he slowly withdrew his cock from me. It had felt so deliciously naughty, to be used like that, to have two hot, hard men frantic for me as I teased them shamelessly. I couldn’t believe how erotic having them both had been, and if I was honest, I was slightly disappointed that it was all over. After all when would I ever get the chance to experience something that hot again? As it happened, I needn’t have pondered the answer to that question for too long.

Mike spoke, his voice laced with amusement.

“Oh you’ll have to come round more often mate, I think Tia still has a lot of things she could show you, don’t you Tia?” he addressed me, his blue eyes crinkling up with mirth.

Nodding I looked over at Dave, who was fumbling for his fly, his handsome face coated in a fine layer of sweat.

“Mhmm. Well you know me babe, I’m always happy to make your friends feel welcome,” I said, grinning as I looked at the pair of them. From the looks on both of their faces just then, somehow I knew that it wouldn’t be very long before the three of us had an encore of the night’s events.

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